

Halo The misfits

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Summary: A spartan get re-assigned to a new team, but he soon realizes that this is no ordinary squad. With an idiotic partner and a crazy grunt side kick, what could possibly go wrong?

Halo The misfits

****AN:** ok, this is my first fanfic I've decided to write in a WHILE. This fanfic is a remake of the fanfic ODST Boot camp. I've decided to remake because it's been a while since I updated it, I've gotten better ideas on how to improve it and I forgot the password the that accountâ€¦|. Please read, review and enjoy.**

Halo: The Misfits

Chapter 1: Re-assigned

Hey, I'm Hunter, or formally known as Spartan Q741. I've led quite a normal life so far-â€¦| well; whatever the hell a normal life is for a Spartan. You know, with the legendary, bad ass, Spartan reputation, the countless suicide missions, and the one-man-army kinda stuff. But that all changed the day I got re-assigned to another teamâ€¦|

July 19, 2596

>on board the pelican "The Little Goosey," en route to the UNSC battleship "The Flying Hobo," orbiting Earth's moon.<p>

"Hey, wake up," the voice stabbed through the thick clouds of my deep slumber. I grumbled in response and quickly fell back asleep. "I said _Wake Up_" He said again with a hint of irritation

"Just five more minutes mom..." I mumbled as I shifted to a more comfortable position.

I heard a deep sigh and a few light footsteps head towards me and they stopped directly in front of me. I slowly opened my eyes to a squint and the saw the pilot standing, crossed armed, in front of

me.

"I SAID TO WAKE THE HELL UP!" The pilot roared as he delivered a powerful kick to my shin.

"AHH! DAMNIT! I'M UP! I'M UP!" I yelled as I nursed the incredible pain in my shin, despite the fact that I was wearing my armor.

"Look's like sleepin' beauty is finally awake," the pilot remarked as he sat down in one of the pelican's passenger seats in front of me.

"Why the hell did you kick me for?" I yelled at him as the pain in my shins began to slowly sub-side.

"Well I told you to wake up," He said with a slight grin across his face.

"Whateverâ€¦" I grumbled. I took off my helmet, rubbed my eyes, yawned, and stretched. "Are we almost there?"

"We should be there any second now," the pilot said as he sat in a more relaxed position and lit a cigarette. I looked over through the cockpit's windshield and the UNSC ship coming into view very quickly. Then I realized something that wasn't particularly settlingâ€¦ An empty pilot's chair.

"Ummâ€¦ you're the pilot of this pelican..right?" I stammered nervously. He nodded as he took a puff of his cigarette. "Then who's piloting the ship?..."

The pilot suddenly looked up at me, with a 'scared-shitless' look on face. He sprang up from his seat and leaped into the cockpit. "Oh FU-"

2 minutes later

I groggily sat up as a sharp pain pierced through my skull and my body felt like it had been a pair of hunter's play thing. (the aliens, not me)

"Ughâ€¦ what happened?" I asked myself as I noticed a big, looming figure standing over me. As my eyes adjusted to my surroundings, I could see that the figure was a Spartan. He had his arms crossed and instead of a helmet, he was wearing a drill sergeants hat.

"Well lookie here, you're alive," The Spartan said in a gruff, classic drill sergeants voice. He was bald and from I could see from his big, wide, grin, he has a noticeable gap in between his two front teeth.

"Yeahâ€¦ what the hell happened?" I repeated as I began to think more clearly.

"Well the pelican you were riding on crashed directly into our hangar and exploded into a million tid-bits. With my expertise, I say it's the work of Al-Qaeda," he replied with, smug look and a blank stare.

"You do know that Al-Qaeda has been dead for well over 500 years.. right?" I asked with a confused expression on my face.

He stood without changing expression for a few awkward moments before what I said seemed to process in his mind. He looked down at me and his face contorted to anger in a split second. " HOW DARE YE QUESTION YOUR NEW COMMANDING OFFICER WITH MY UNMATCHIBLE INTELLIGENCE?" He roared while flailing his arms around wildly.

'Holy shit, this bi-polar, dumbass is my Commander? What the hell?' I thought while slowly scooting away.

His face quickly switched from his rage face to a happy one. "By the way, I'm Commander Bubbles," he said in a cheerful expression while he outstretched his hand for me to shake.

"Ermâ€¦ I'm Hunter.." I replied in a confused tone as I warily shook his hand. "wait, what happened to the pilot?"

"Ahh, he's fine. he walked away without a scratch," Bubbles said as I stood up and watched two marines haul a body bag from what appears to be the remnants of the cockpit.

"Errâ€¦"

"What are we both standing here for? You gotta go meet your new squad mates!" Bubbles said. "Humphrey, carry this young man to his squads barracks!" Bubbles yelled to nowhere in particular. Before I could react, a man with a pink bicycle helmet scooped me up in his arms and started sprinting out of the hangar, barely allowing me to pick up my helmet and my bag full of my things.

"YES THIR!" Humphrey bellowed with a clear lisp.

"WHAT THE HELL?" I yelled as he quickly carried me through various hallways and corridors of the ship as though I wasn't wearing two tons of armor on.

5 minutes laterâ€¦

I panted heavily while peeking down the next hallway. I had finally freed myself from the arms of that wretched, pink-helmet-wearing freak, then spent the next three minutes running for my life from him. He easily wore me down despite the fact that he obviously wasn't a Spartan. How he didn't catch me was a miracle on its own, only evading him by hiding behind a random lamp post. That also raises the question of why would there be a randomly placed lamp post in the middle of a highly advanced warship?

I let out a sigh of relief then I hoisted my bag over my arm and tucked my helmet under my other arm as I began to walk cautiously down the hall. I stopped in front of where my barracks was supposedly at. Just as I was about to knock, I started to hear loud yelling, followed by explosions and gunfire, all of which came from the other side of the door. I started to debate whether or not if I should knock or just leave. After a minute I sighed and gave the door three small knocks. The sounds on other side of the door immediately stopped and there was an unnatural silence. After a moment the door swung open and a young man with a buzz cut and glasses stood in the doorway and stared at me.

After a long, awkward moment, he finally asked in a low voice, "are you the pizza man?..."

"Ummâ€¦ No?" I said on clear confusion.

The man partially man turned inside the room. "Yip-yap! Get the baseball bat!" he yelled. I heard a few high pitched grumbles and crashes from within the room.

"Ermâ€¦ oh this isn't my room, whoopsey me, I'll just be going now.." I started to walk away but after a few steps, I was pummeled to the ground.

I glanced up and saw the man on my back, wielding and orange plastic baseball bat. "You ate my Doritos's pizza man! YOU MUST DIE!" He roared as he swung wildly at the back of my head.

"What the hell are you talking about? I'm not the pizza man!" I yelled while shielding the back of my head from the blows.

"Oh really? That sounds exactly like what the pizza man would say!" He said while raising his arm to prepare to strike again.

"NO! I'm just the Spartan that's been re-assigned to your squad!" I yelled, expecting another hellish strike from his baseball bat.

He paused then quickly got off my back. "well why didn't you just say so?" he said as he pulled me off of the ground and shook my hand. "My name's Marcus, nice to meet you."

"I'm Hunter.." I said warily.

"You're sure you're not the pizza man?" Marcus asked as he glared at me.

"Yes, I'm sure!"

"You're not the ice cream man, candy man, taco man, kool-aid man-?"

"What? No!"

"Good, because I don't want you to be bustin down my walls and shit," Marcus said, leaving me even more confused. I just shrugged and entered the room, with him closing the door behind me. I took a few steps forward until I heard a high pitched battle cry, followed by something leaping on my face.

"DIE PIZZA MAN!" the high pitched voice yelled as something repeatedly jabbed into the back of my head.

"AHHH! GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF!" I screamed as I tried desperately to get my attacker off of my face, but with no avail.

"Yip-yap, get off of him, he's not the pizza man," Marcus said calmly while he put the plastic baseball up.

I felt 'Yip-yap' hop down from my face, then I got a good look at him. He was a small grunt, wearing a strange looking armor that

closely resembled a grunt version of MJOLNIR armor.

"Man, Yip-yap even got his battle spork out.." The grunt grumbled, referring to himself in third person. He hung his head low in disappointment and trotted off to nowhere in particular.

I watched the grunt walk away for a minute then I turned to Marcus. "What the hell just happened?"

He looked at me with a confused look. "I have no idea what you're talking about" he said.

"You don't-? The baseball bat and the grunt attacking me!" I yelled getting even more irritated.

Marcus looked like he thinking about what I just said then a look of realization came across his face. "Ohhh, that," he said with a grin. "We thought you were the pizza man and me and the pizza man have some issues.."

"But why-.. the grunt-â€| never mind.." I said to save myself from further confusion. Marcus only shrugged and went off to his bunk. I sighed a messaged my temples as a headache throbbed through my skull.

"Which bunk is mine?" I asked looking at the two bunk beds occupying the room with a small hammock dangling in between them.

"You can get the bunk under mine," Marcus said as he pointed the one of the bunks.

"Cool..I guess.."

"Yay! Bunk buddies!" He yelled with glee. I facepalmed as my headache grew more painful with annoyance. I threw my bag and helmet onto my bunk and headed towards the bathroom to change get out of my armor. I stopped short of the bathroom because I heard the shower running and a muffled voice behind the door. I silently opened the door a crack and peeked in to see Yip-yap, taking a shower with a hairnet on, singing 'I'm walking on sunshine'. The grunt suddenly stopped, looked directly at me and shrieked.

"PERVERT!" The unggoy yelled as he pulled the curtains closed. I quickly walked back into the room and sat on my bed with an awkward look on my face.

Marcus glanced at me and asked, "You alright?"

"Ummâ€|Y-yeah.." I stammered, feeling like I've seen enough weird stuff today to be tripping on acid.

A few minutes later, Yip-yap trotted into the room, glaring at me through the corner of his eye. I avoided eye contact and quickly walked to the bathroom. I returned a few minutes later in my night clothes and collapsed in my bed, feeling completely drained. I quickly fell into the blissful arms of unconsciousness and fell asleep.

Sometime later that night, the sound of a door creaking open pulled out of my sleep. I forcefully pried my eyes open but saw nothing. I

closed my eyes to go back asleep but I felt something grab my shoulder. I quickly turned and saw a hobo, kneeling next to me.

"Hey man, you got any change?"

"WHAT THE FU-?"

End
file.